

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

A Deal in Real Estate.

By WILLIAM A. STIMPSON.
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JOHN POWERS threw back his shoulders and breathed in deep draughts of the country air while his eyes swept the panorama of field and wood before him.

Half way down the hill lay a small farm, the house gleaming white against the green foliage. It stood well back from the road and was shaded by two huge sugar maples. The smooth lawn in front, with its shrubbery and flowers, the well kept fences and trim outbuildings, testified to the thrift and good taste of the occupants.

"Now if I only had a wife that would be just the place for me," Powers said to himself, stopping to gaze longingly at the cottage.

It was after 5 o'clock and the young attorney had left the office in town with its heat and dust and its clacking typewriters an hour before for his daily tramp.

He swung down the hill, his eyes taking in every detail of the property before him, and of course he could not miss seeing the board sign lettered, "For Sale." He came to a halt again and stared greedily.

"Oh, well, it's nothing to me," he mused, starting forward again. "The price must be far beyond my means even if I had any use for a farm." Resolutely he directed his eyes in another direction.

But he had walked only a few yards further when he realized he was studying the trim little cottage again. His steps lagged. "There would be no harm in asking the price, I suppose," he said to himself slowly, stopping again. "No, no harm in that, surely," he reasoned, and a moment later he had turned in at the gravelled driveway.

As he ascended the front steps he was conscious of voices just inside the closed door. "The property'll never bring your figure. Better accept my offer; you'll not get as good again."

Silence followed the interrupting knock, then the door was opened. Powers bared his head courteously.

"Will you tell me the price?" he began, then paused in confusion as he met the eyes of the girl before him.

"Why—why, Helen Rand! I didn't know you lived here," he stammered, recognizing a friend of his youth grown to young womanhood.

"John Powers! Of all people!" the girl exclaimed, offering her hand. "Come right in."

"I fear I'm intruding," Powers answered, recovering from his surprise. "No, indeed, you are not," the girl assured him. "Mother is here and a business caller, Mr. Jackson."

Powers nodded coolly to Jackson, whom he recognized as a shrewd real estate speculator. The man was plainly put out at the interruption.

"How long have you lived here?" Powers inquired.

"About a year," the girl replied.

"It's strange I haven't run across you in town."

"Father was ill when we came and died three months ago. I didn't go out much."

"I see," said Powers gravely. "But I may as well obtain the information I came for," he added. "What do you ask for this place?"

"Five thousand dollars," came the answer.

Powers' face fell.

"Don't you want to look through?" the girl asked eagerly. "I believe that is the proper way to talk to a prospective purchaser," she laughed, rising and leading the way into the dining room.

Powers was quick to follow. "Certainly I'll look through. Can't tell whether I'll want the place or not until I've seen it," he returned lightly.

"That man is trying to buy the property at a ridiculously low price and I'm afraid mother'll accept the offer. I thought maybe, if you showed an interest in it he might give more," the girl whispered in the privacy of the kitchen.

"I'm on," Powers whispered back, his lips close to one dainty ear.

"Now there are three sleeping rooms and a bath upstairs. I'll show you those," his guide announced as they returned to the living room.

"The house is a perfect gem," Powers' enthusiastic praise was meant for the ears of Jackson, with whom Mrs. Rand was politely keeping up a conversation.

"Why sell this pretty place?" Powers asked when the two were alone again.

Helen's merry air vanished. "Financial reasons; father left very little."

"Well, what about my offer, Miss Rand?" the impatient voice of the real estate man broke in sharply upon them.

The girl glanced questioning at Powers. "I hardly think so—not to put it at any rate. The offer is too low," she called, descending the stairs.

"It's every cent I can give," the speculator snapped. "And my offer won't stand long." He paused for a moment. "Don't think every one who looks at the house is going to buy it," he sneered, shooting a black look at Powers. "Just sign that contract," he urged, turning to the older woman, "and I'll pay a deposit now and the balance of the money as soon as the title can be searched and the deed drawn."

"What is the offer, Helen?" Powers' voice had an ominous ring to it. "Thirty-five hundred dollars," the girl answered quickly.

"Too low by fifteen hundred," Powers returned sharply. He passed them. "I will buy the property at your figure, Mrs. Rand," he declared with a quick glance at Jackson.

There was a little scream of delight from the girl and Jackson turned a threatening look upon the young man. "And who may you be, butting in on my business?" he demanded harshly.

Powers ignored him. "I'll write you a check for five hundred dollars as a deposit," he said coolly, addressing the mother and leading the slightly bewildered woman to a table.

The speculator darted forward. "No,

ADVENTURES
OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton.

The Lost Toads.

The twins had found some sawdust out of Jocko down by the edge of the creek and Nancy's heart was sad. "Maybe he ran away because I didn't sew him up," she said. "Mamma told me to, but I always forgot."

Then suddenly a voice near them said, "That's the trouble with all of us. We keep forgetting things and then something happens."

"It's just what I get," said Mrs. Toad. "When I want to do the marketing I left the door unlocked and the children all got out."

"And are they lost now, like our Jocko?" asked Nick.

"No," said the toad, "they're not. That's the trouble. They're over there in the road where Sammy Snake is lying in the sun. They're inside of him!"

"Inside of him?" cried the twins.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Toad. "You can see for yourself. He's all full of lumps and the lumps are my children." And she began to cry again.

"Well," said Nick indignantly. "I'll go right home and tell mamma."

"That wouldn't do any good," said Mrs. Toad sadly. "But if you'll just



so tell Patrick Pig it may help some."

So the twins hunted up the pig and sure enough he knew exactly what to do. He marched right over to where Sammy Snake was sleeping and smiling in the sun and said, "Now, Sam, I've had a mind to make a meal of you for ever so long, and I sure will if you don't give up those toads. Now open your mouth, quick."

There was nothing else for Sammy to do. He just had to open his mouth and all the little toads hopped out one at a time and ran across the meadow to their mother.

And the twins were happy because they had helped somebody out of trouble again.

you don't young fellow. This is my deal. The ladies accepted my offer," he shouted.

Powers turned. "The matter has passed out of your control, Mr. Jackson. The ladies did not accept your offer, he said."

Jackson faced Mrs. Rand. "You can't sell the property to this man," he whined. "Who is he? How do you know he has the money?"

"That will do, Mr. Jackson," the girl interrupted sharply. "We have known Mr. Powers for a long time. He is an honorable gentleman, a friend of my daughter, and you can't insult him further in my house. Good afternoon, sir."

Mrs. Rand turned her back on Jackson and the two women and Powers drew up together at the table. The real estate man slammed his hat on his head and strode angrily from the house.

"Now the next thing is, when will you want possession, John?" Miss Rand asked when the check had been passed over and a brief memorandum

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

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Bob Pulls Me Up to the Room Again—the Others Are Gone.

"Call up that shaft, Bob! Whistle to them! Shout!" I exclaimed.

It had taken us but a few minutes to hasten through our long explanations, nevertheless, I was appalled to think that we had wasted much valuable time. Suddenly I realized that after the fall of the heavy wall panel which Spence and Archer had battered down, not a single sound had come from the friends in the room high above us.

"Call up the shaft!" I cried again.

Bob whistled—I knew well the old fraternity signal. But his brothers did not return the whistle. Only a faint and silly echo came back to our ears.

Then Bob cried, "Spence! Archer! Chrys!" in his "calling" voice. The words mocked us in a faint stage whisper. "Spence! Archer! Chrys!" Then silence ensued, an abominable, ominous silence. It made me cling closer to Bob's arm as we stood in the darkness and listened.

"What has happened—up there?" I inquired in awe.

Bob didn't reply to that. Instead, he asked a question of me:

"The hammering which went on while you were screaming to stop it—did you say it was the pounding which caused your little box of a closet to slide down into my pit?"

"By inches—yes—Bob!" Then I rushed on breathlessly, a new hope crowding my thoughts so fast that my words were almost a jumble:

"The cell—it was like a little old elevator settling down by fits and starts. Something about the pounding seemed to loosen small levers or stones, of course, I don't understand, Bob, but maybe the wall has little cogs or steps down the corners?"

"May be," Bob admitted.

"Any possibility—probably—you could climb up the wall by means of them?"

"If I leave you—and make the attempt—you will not be afraid—down here—all alone?"

"I'll be stiff with fright—almost paralyzed," I said. "But what difference does that make? Go up—try it! There's a rope up there—I described the one Chrys and I had knotted from the couch covers—you can pull me up with it."

"Here's the automatic, Jane," Bob said, placing the gun in my hand. "If anything happens to me—if I should slip—and fall—I'll stop. He didn't need to give me further directions."

"I understand, darling," I whispered.

"If I fail, Jane dear, you will not let yourself starve? You will not live

to suffer? You will use the gun while you have the strength to use it? Promise me!"

"I—I promise, Bob!"

"Kiss me," he said. And when the long ceremony was concluded, without another word, Bob pushed his way up through the broken roof of the closet. I could hear his body scraping against the wall. He was lifting his weight up the vertical shaft by some heroic process. Finally he began to tell me about his progress.

"I'm making it," he called down to me. "I'm making it just as an Alpine climber goes up a rock 'chimney.' I am working with my back as well as my hands and feet. Goah, I'm winning out, my dear. It all comes back to me—those lessons in the Alps, the first time Dad took us boys to Switzerland. I'm as good as ever at it."

And he was. Finally he spoke once more:

"Honey! I've got a hold on the beams! I'm up! I'm safe, Jane. And I see the rope ladder you spoke of. I'll shape it into a basket. Put it on like a breeches buoy."

Down came one end of the rope. I obeyed orders.

"Don't tire yourself, Jane, by trying to help. Just keep limp. Steady, darling. I'll haul away when you say so."

If my body was still and limp, my sense were very much alive. I wondered why my ears did not tell me about Archer and the others. Not a

word of astonishment or of welcome had greeted my husband! And it was odd that nobody helped Bob to haul me up!

After much hard labor, Bob lifted me from the knotted basket and carried me to one of the four big divans. I looked around the room and shuddered. The friends I had left there—Chrys, Spence, and Archer—were nowhere to be seen? And that awful place was set with traps for human beings!

(To Be Continued.)

Sister Mary's
Kitchen

After trying all the hand lotions on the market and when on the point of stoically deciding to submit to grubby hands and proclaim my calling abroad, I tried clear glycerine. You see I had a theory that glycerine irritated my skin and was out of the question. As it is, it is the only thing

that really softens and heals my hands.

After each "doing of dishes" I go through the following operation. First I wash my hands in clear warm water. Then before thoroughly drying them I rub in a few drops of glycerine. If I'm in a hurry I wipe them perfectly dry on the towel, but if there's no need for haste it's a good idea to rub the glycerine until it dries.

Rough, chapped hands are one of the greatest trials a housekeeper has, but this treatment has helped mine this time.

Menu for Tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Orange juice, omelet, toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Scalloped rice, stewed tomatoes, brown bread and butter, tea.

DINNER—Baked finnan haddie, scalloped potatoes, string beans, cheese and prune salad, cup custards, cookies, coffee.

My Own Recipes

Finnan haddie is made from haddock. The name is of Scottish origin and is a national Scotch dish. In this country the haddock is dried, smoked and salted with much less effort than in bonny Scotland. The fillets of finnan haddie are in our markets and are very easily prepared.

SCALLOPED RICE.

2 cups boiled rice
1 cup milk
3-4 cup cheese
2 eggs
Beat eggs well. Mix all ingredi-

ents and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a hot oven for 20 or 30 minutes.

BAKED FINNAN HADDIE

1 pound finnan haddie
Flour
Butter
Pepper
Milk

Soak fish in hot water to cover for 30 minutes. Put in a dripping pan, dredge with flour, dot with butter, sprinkle with a little pepper. About three-quarters cover with hot milk and bake in a hot oven for 25 minutes until tender.

CHEESE AND PRUNE SALAD.

16 medium-sized prunes
1 cup cottage cheese or 2 packages of neufchâtel cheese
1-4 cup chopped English Walnuts
1-4 teaspoon salt

Paprika

Wash prunes. Remove stones and let soak over night. Mix cheese, nuts, salt and paprika and stuff prunes. Arrange on lettuce and serve with French dressing.

A cob-web never looks quite so black in one's own corner as it does in the next door neighbor's.

MARY.

Some microscopic beings cannot be defined either as plants or animals. They have the green dye which distinguishes plants but also have rudimentary eyes and possess motion. They are the missing links, it is said, of the ultra-micro world.

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